

Yet there's a fair supernal flower,

Brilliant thro' the etherial round,

The Nymph who bears it to her bow

Thrice happy! while it may be found

'Tis not with violets nor roses,

Nor garden this, nor field confines!

But 'tis the heart its stem encloses,

There its morning lustre shines!

Every grace from this is flowing,

And Love supreme; if this you tend  
Princess! like your attractions growing

This unfading, ne'er will end.

Elmina was silent; all the  
garlands were finished, and

her companions rose up.—

“What shall we do?” said

they; “we have a great ma-

ny crowns and garlands, let

us play at the *Maid in the*

*Ring*.” It was one of the

ports of the little girls of that

country: they were to chuse

the most beautiful, to deco-

rate her with flowers and a

gown, and then to sing and

dance round her. But among

so splendid a company of

young ladies, to fix upon the

hand-